

LXI



Knight Letter

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Proudly Presents

La
Guida
di
Bragia

A Ballad Opera

for the Marionette Theatre

By

LEWIS CARROLL

b. l. d.

Introduction to *La Guida di Bragia*

by Peter L. Heath

As the eldest son, and only talented member of a brood of eleven children, it was more or less inevitable that the young Charles Dodgson would end up as the family entertainer. He was no athlete, and had no great turn for music, so nothing is heard of him captaining cricket teams or leading domestic choirs; but throughout his teens at Croft Rectory he seems to have been constantly occupied in putting on conjuring or magic lantern shows, editing and largely writing a succession of family magazines, and getting up charades and amateur theatricals. He was clever with his hands, made toys and models for his sisters, and in due course improvised a make-believe “railway” in the rectory garden, with the aid of a wheelbarrow, a barrel and two or three small trucks. There were “stations”, “booking offices” and “refreshment rooms”, and an elaborate code of regulations, in which the pompous tone of officialdom was duly caught and mocked. A photograph of the layout appears in S.D. Collingwood’s *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*, and a drawing of the train itself in Brenda Matheson’s *Lewis Carroll around the North* (Darlington, n.d.). Unless hauled by the inventor, or pushed by the passengers, it is hard to see how locomotion of any sort was accomplished; but the game was very popular with the family.

This enthusiasm for railways — endemic in small boys anyway — was certainly no accident among the Dodgsons. Croft, on the Tees, lay only four miles from the famous Stockton & Darlington line, where George Stephenson, in 1825, had established the world’s first passenger-carrying service. By 1845, Croft could boast its own station, on the main line to York, and by that time — or soon after — the country as a whole had over 6,500 miles of track, more than anywhere else but the United States. “Puffing Billy” and his like had been left behind, and trains were travelling at up to 60 miles an hour. The young Dodgsons were children of the railway age and knew all about its splendours and miseries. Once their father had added the Archdeaconry of Richmond and a canonry at Ripon to his parish duties, commuting back and forth became a regular experience, and Charles saw even more of it (*via* Birmingham) on his way to and from Rugby School.

At some point during this period (around 1850) he enlisted the help of the village carpenter in building a home marionette theatre, and was soon putting on performances, not only for his brothers and sisters, but for an equally large contingent of cousins, the Wilcoxes, who lived at Whitburn, further north. As is mentioned in the *Diaries* (for 1853), it

was something of a problem to find suitable material; the existing repertory was either too dull or inappropriate for children and so Charles took to writing his own pieces. *The Tragedy of King John*, which has not survived, was reputedly the best of them, and there is allusion to another, also lost; a third, on Alfred the Great, was probably never written, but somewhere in the series occurs our present work, *La Guida di Bragia*, a railway saga, whose opening pages recall King John and his tragedy. It was, needless to say, the loss of his baggage-train in the Wash, in 1216. The latter — it should perhaps be explained — is a broad tidal indentation on the east coast of England, between Norfolk and Lincolnshire. The royal party forded it without mishap, but the baggage-train behind them was engulfed by the incoming tide. The King died (of annoyance, largely) a few days later, and the episode has been the subject of bad jokes ever since. *King John*, as we also know from the *Diaries*, was performed again, as late as 11th April, 1855.

Outside of one appearance in an English magazine in 1931, La Guida di Bragia, a playscript for marionettes by the teenaged Charles Dodgson, has not appeared in print. Wishing to make this amusing piece of juvenilia available to the modern public, the Lewis Carroll Society of North America has chosen the Knight Letter for the initial venue. We are very pleased to be able to present it with an introduction by the eminent scholar and LCSNA President-emeritus Peter L. Heath and most charming drawings by our own Jonathan Dixon. A separate publication, doing better justice to the illustrations and with ancillary material, is also being planned. We are most grateful to August Imholtz for arranging the keyboarding of the text and to Morton Cohen for suggesting the project.

How or why *La Guida di Bragia* survived is not known. The manuscript surfaced, presumably from the family archives, only when it was sold at Sotheby’s (“property of Major C.H.W. Dodgson”) on 14th February, 1929, and fetched the good price of £570. Two years later it was published in a Christmas number of *The Queen* (Vol. clxx, no. 4430, 18th November 1931), but has not otherwise been reprinted. The Nonesuch *Complete Works* and other large anthologies include no more than the 18-line prologue — which would do equally well for any other marionette performance — and only the biographies by Anne

Clark and Michael Bakewell supply a few extracts and a summary of the plot. Elsewhere *La Guida* gets little beyond a passing mention and despite the publication of other juvenilia of no greater merit, has remained effectively in limbo. The neglect of it is strange, for though nobody could call it a masterpiece, it is, after all, the sole extant specimen of a Carrollian play. The only known performance of it in recent times was given by Denis and Mary Crutch, before the Daresbury branch of the Lewis Carroll Society in November 1972. By then the manuscript had visited the saleroom on two more occasions, in 1947 and 1951, before finally coming to rest in the Berol Collection at New York University.

As for the marionette theatre, its fate is as unknown as that of *King John*. On 14th November, 1928, a toy theatre, purporting to have descended in the Dodgson family, was sold for £10 at Sotheby’s by a relative, Mrs Parrington, who had been given it in 1901 by one of the Dodgson sisters. At the time it was taken to be authentic, but a later investigation

by Mr Crutch (*Jabberwocky*, Spring 1973) proved it to be a commercial product of German origin, made by Adolf Engel of Berlin, and dating from the 1880's. As such, and whatever the soundness of its provenance, it cannot have been used to stage *La Guida di Bragia*, and the chances that it was ever operated by Dodgson seem decidedly remote. It was bought at the sale by one J.C. Brigham, a Darlington antique dealer, for his "children's museum". He died in 1935, and his effects were dispersed to booksellers in the region, so even this doubtful relic of Dodgsonian theatrical history is now completely lost.

La Guida di Bragia — the title is a pseudo-operatic rendering of the famous railway guide published by George Bradshaw from 1841 onwards, and generally known simply as "Bradshaw" — is neither so early and immature as it is said to be by the *Lewis Carroll Handbook*, nor so grandiose and professional as the "three-act comic opera" alluded to by Professor Morton Cohen. It is divided, to be sure, into three little acts, and has musical interludes with tunes borrowed from Italian opera or popular sources, in the manner of a "ballad opera", such as it actually claims to be. But its ramshackle structure is equally reminiscent of the traditional English pantomime, whose moth-eaten routines, corny jokes and topical allusions still grace, or disgrace, the boards of London and provincial theatres at Christmastime, ostensibly for the entertainment of children. In *La Guida*, as in *Mother Goose*, *Robinson Crusoe* or *Dick Whittington*, there is no plot to speak of, and the main characters strongly resemble the knockabout brokers' men, principal boy and girl, and vulgar elderly dame *en travesti*, who traditionally steals the show. Mrs Muddle, who combines the erratic lexicon of Sheridan's Mrs Malaprop with the lower-class mispronunciation of Dickens' Sairey Gamp, does exactly that, and provides a welcome relief to the inane cross-talk of Mooney and Spooney, who themselves owe something, perhaps, to the famous old farce of *Box & Cox*, by J.M. Morton (1847). Their sudden transmogrification into "Moggs & Spicer" bears all the marks of a family in-joke, though not at the expense of Messrs Marks & Spencer, whose chain-store emporium is of much later date. If Moggs & Spicer was the name of a local grocer's, ironmonger's or mercer's business in Croft or Darlington, the point would be clearer (and perhaps funnier) than it now is.

As disgraced courtiers of King John, and newly-appointed railway officials, Mooney and Spooney control the action, most of which occurs on a station platform, and consists in little more than the other characters rushing about losing luggage and missing or misboarding their trains. Apart from the absence of an unintelligible public address system, the prevailing *angst* is no different from that of a modern terminus or airport, though it is a little surprising to find that

baggage insurance and the electric telegraph were already in use at this relatively early stage. The likeliest explanation for the appearance of such otherwise unmotivated characters as the Kaffir and the Lost Huntsman is that unemployed figures in the marionette-box were available to play them. Lost huntsmen, if not kaffirs, would in any case have been a regular phenomenon around Croft, a one-time spa which possessed, near the Rectory, a sizeable hotel that was patronized by hunting people.

In other respects, *La Guida* reflects many of the influences and predilections that equally inform the juvenile periodicals — *The Rectory Magazine*, *The Rectory Umbrella*, *Mischmasch* and so on — which Dodgson was producing at about the same period (1850). There is the same interest in food, the same fondness for word-play, the same love of Shakespearean parody. Bradshaw's soliloquy, as reported

by Mooney in Act II, Scene 2, is an arrant spoof of Mark Anthony's funeral oration in *Julius Caesar*; "Spooney hath murdered singing" echoes *Macbeth*; and the name of Orlando, for the luckless *jeune premier*, is presumably stolen from *As You Like It*. By a strange coincidence, Bradshaw, *A Mystery*, published in *Punch* in 1856, also had an Orlando for its hero, though the two pieces are otherwise unconnected. The unlikely choice of "Sophonisba" for the heroine can only have come from the tragedy of that name, published by James Thomson in 1730. She was the daughter of Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian general, had a blighted love-affair with the Nubian prince, Masinissa, who was on the Roman side, and took poison, as tragic heroines are prone to do.

Thomson's play is remembered only for its famously awful line: "Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, Oh!" which was parodied in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, and ridiculed by Johnson with: "O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson!" Where young Dodgson got hold of it, who knows? In his version, at all events, it is Orlando, rather than Sophonisba, who seems the likelier candidate for poisoning, thanks to the household mismanagement of his wife. Parodies of familiar ditties — "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" among them — are a recurrent feature of the exchanges between the two. As upper-class characters, they communicate mainly in verse, whereas the lower orders (as in Shakespeare) favour prose. Mooney, however, knows fake-Shakespeare when he hears it, and himself quotes Thomas Campbell ("Coming events cast their shadows before.") Even Mrs Muddle breaks into verse, in her lament for lost luggage at the end of Act III, Scene 1, as does Sara Jane, the cook; so the divide is not an absolute one. Bradshaw, the *deus ex machina* — a sort of irritable railway Jehovah, who makes unreasonable demands of his servants, punishes their defiance by inconveniencing everybody all round, and piously calls the mess "justice" — is solemnly Shakespearean throughout.



In a work so full of echoes, it is equally tempting to hunt for premonitions and parallels to the later writings. One such, at least, occurs just where it might be expected, in the railway scene from *Through the Looking-Glass*. Alice, like Orlando, causes trouble by attempting to travel without a ticket. In both cases the suggested resolution — that the culprit be sent as a parcel — is exactly the same, though in neither case is it actually carried out. A more general resemblance between *La Guida* and the *Alice* books may be seen in their willingness to mingle elements from the feudal and the industrial periods of English history. Alice may travel by train, misquote Southey or Wordsworth, and bop inoffensive rabbits into Victorian cucumber-frames, but for much of the time she is forced to contend with the mediaeval monarchs, the knaves and knights, of the card-table and chessboard, plus an ancient duchess and sundry heraldic figures from an equally bygone age. Mooney and Spoony do it the other way round, stepping blithely from the reign of King John into the middle of the 19th century, and contributing their fair share of chaos and incompetence to both.

The pantomimes, of course, are replete with such historical incongruities, and so too, for that matter, is the pantomime of English public life. The Queen, for example, on the rare occasions when she pretends for a few minutes to be actually running the country, travels to Parliament not in a limousine like a rational Head of State, but in a creaking conveyance from the days of Queen Anne. She is attended *en route* by a troop of horsemen, clad for the Crimean War, and seemingly unaware that their military usefulness ended in 1861 with the invention of the Gatling gun. The world calls it “pageantry”, but that is hardly the right term for it. Such persons are not engaged in historical make-believe, or attempting to re-enact the past, as a pageant does; they are continuing, for ceremonial purposes, to do in real life what would only make sense if they were living much earlier than they actually are. The basic absurdity of official behaviour, its ritual adherence to protocol and regulation in defiance of commonsense, is a favourite target of Dodgson’s satire, not only in the early writings, but above all in the two *Alices* — at whose climaxes, indeed, the Kings and Queens are summarily brought to order, and exposed for the wood and pasteboard images of authority which is all that they really are.

Though he joked about Queen Victoria in his letters to children, Dodgson in his own life was more outwardly respectful of royalty than the contumacious Alice, and a little too prone, perhaps, to enjoy his occasional contacts with such prominent noblemen as Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, and even the drunken lordlings of Christ Church. The patronage of the great had its attractions, as did the country-house life he depicted in *Sylvie and Bruno*; but he did not fawn or grovel to his betters, any more than he allowed himself to be lionized by the general public. By keeping his distance from both worlds, he avoided their dangers, and was able to regulate his own rather obsessive existence in the fashion that suited him best. Had they followed his example, the careers of those two inept functionaries, Mooney and Spoony, might have been less checkered than they were.



PROLOGUE.

By Mr. B. Webster.

Scene : Green curtain at back — green floor — green paper sides.

Draw up P. curtain.

Shall soldiers tread the murderous path of war,
Without a notion what they do it for?
Shall pallid mercenaries drive a roaring trade,
And sell the stuffs their hands have never made?
And shall not we, in this our mimic scene,
Be all that better actors e’er have been?
Awake again a Kemble’s tragic tone,
And make a Liston’s humour all our own?
Or vie with Mrs. Siddons in the art
To rouse the feelings and to charm the heart?
While Shakespeare’s self, with all his ancient fires,
Lights up the forms that tremble on our wires?
Why can’t we have, in theatres ideal,
The good, without the evil, of the real?
Why may not Marionettes be just as good
As larger actors made of flesh and blood?
Presumptuous thought! to you and your applause
In humbler confidence we trust our cause.

Draw down P. curtain.



ACT I, SCENE I

Scene : Black hangings — country scenery behind — green floor.

Present : MOONEY and SPOONEY with lanterns.

Put out lights.

Draw up P. curtain, and change for W. light lamp.

MOONEY: Who's you?

SPOONEY: Why, me.

MOONEY: Nonsense, it can't be, what's your name?

SPOONEY: Oh, that's quite another question: I shan't tell.

MOONEY: Yet there is something familiar in those tones; something which recalls to my memory visions of earlier and happier days. Speak, speak! *have* you the mark of a grid-iron on the back of your left wrist?

SPOONEY: No! certainly not; nothing of the sort!

MOONEY: Then you are my long-lost friend, my Spooney.

SPOONEY: My Mooney! (*They embrace.*)

SPOONEY: Ah! the joy of this meeting; this does indeed repay me for hours of 'owling, days of despair and nights of gnawing sorrow, for weeks of wailing and – I may add – for fortnights of frowning, and months of making faces; Mooney, I am happy! My friend!

MOONEY: My Spooney, there are moments –

SPOONEY: Yes, yes, Mooney! it's quite true! there are bolsters.



MOONEY: Nonsense, Spooney, how can you talk so? I said "moments" – let me proceed: there are moments, my dear friend, when I find it *impossible* to express my 'orrid feelings!

SPOONEY: Yes, I feel it so, too! It's the same with me! There are moments when I find it *impossible* to press on my *orange peelings*!

MOONEY: Oh Spooney, Spooney, in the gravest and saddest moments, how can you thus intrude your absurd remarks? Be sensible, Spooney!

SPOONEY: Mooney, I will! Believe me, believe me, I will! Why do I meet you here? Have you left the king, that best and dearest of monarchs?

MOONEY: I have, my friend, yet not willingly. He dismissed me.

SPOONEY: And wherefore?

MOONEY: A mere pleasantry, an innocent joke, which a friend would have pardoned, and even he would have done so, if – Spooney, did you observe lately in our dear sovereign a marked, a decided alteration?

SPOONEY: I did, Mooney. I know what you allude to, his hair. Yes, Mooney, his hair became as white as – as – as white.

MOONEY: True, but I did not mean his hair: mark me.

SPOONEY: I will.

MOONEY: The king lost his luggage, as you are aware, Spooney.

SPOONEY: He did.

MOONEY: And with his luggage, Spooney, he lost – his temper!

SPOONEY: Woe's me! woe's me! are you *sure of it*?

MOONEY: Sartin; it happened thus: The king was sitting, surrounded by his courtiers, as usual, and was remarking in his own light way, "My clothes, my good friends, are not yet returned; they are all gone to the Wash." I, standing at a little distance, remarked in an undertone: "*And much they needed it.*" You know my habit, Spooney, of making amusing remarks?

SPOONEY: No, indeed, Mooney; you never made one yet in *my* recollection.

MOONEY: Well, sir, the king turned upon me and, in a voice a pig tied by the hind leg might have envied, said: "Traitor, begone! I renounce ye!"

SPOONEY: No! did he really? And did you go?

MOONEY: Didn't I just!

SPOONEY: Well I never! How very unfortunate! Do you know I was passing by the door at the moment and overheard your remark, and I thought it so good that I resolved to repeat it!

MOONEY: You weren't such an idiot as that, were you?

SPOONEY: I was, my dear Mooney, I assure you! I went in immediately after and said: "Your Majesty has lost your luggage, have you not?" "Yes," said the king, in accents of the deepest sadness, "I lost it all when – when I went to the Wash." "Did your Majesty go to the Wash?" I enquired. He answered, "I did." Whereupon I remarked with a smile, "*And much you needed it!*"

MOONEY: I never heard anything half as foolish! And what did the king say?

SPOONEY: Why, sir, he turned upon me and said in a voice that – that a pig's hind leg might have envied, "Traitor, begone! I pronounce ye!"

MOONEY: Stuff! I don't believe a word of it!

SPOONEY: But I assure you he did, and I – went away immediately!

MOONEY: And since that day you have been, I suppose, adrift?

SPOONEY: Yes, my dear Mooney; but you, what have *you* been doing these many years?

MOONEY: Oh, I've been (*singing*)¹

Wandering through the wide world, seeking of my fortune;

But as I couldn't find it, I was forced to do without it.

And if you'll believe me, there was no one would receive me;

But as I never told you a lie, you've got no cause to doubt it.

SPOONEY: How particularly nicely you do sing, my dear Mooney! What kind of voice do you call yours?

MOONEY: Oh, don't you know, Spooney? Why it's an alto-soprano-mezzo-tinto-basso-relievo –

SPOONEY: No, but is it all that really?

MOONEY: As sure as you're standing there –

SPOONEY: Well, that's very curious, I shouldn't have thought it.

MOONEY: Well; but now, Mooney, we must devise some plan to make our living, and put an end to this "Wandering, *etc.*"

(As before.)

SPOONEY: Let me think awhile. (Pause.)

MOONEY: See, the morning breaks! (Black scenes removed, lamp put behind; singing of birds.)

SPOONEY: Mooney! I've an idea!

MOONEY: Have you really? In all the years, my Spooney, that we have been acquainted such an incident has never occurred before.

SPOONEY: The railway station near here has vacancies for station-master and for clerk. Let us apply for them. You'd better be station-master, as you're not so stupid as I am; you are more foolish than I, you know, my Mooney, but you're certainly not so stupid.

MOONEY: True, true, my dear friend. A very good idea, I'll go and apply at once. (Exit.)

SPOONEY (soliloquises): Poor Mooney! He's not much of a genius, but he means well! He is an honest fellow, and I'll do what I can for him! Yes, yes, he'll do best for station-master! He's more foolish than I am, but he's certainly not so stupid! Ha! here he comes! What success, my Mooney?

MOONEY: All right! we've got it. (Singing.)²

Oh my eye, what jolly fun, only think what we've been and done.

They've made us railway horficers, and we've got a railway station!

Day and night, and night and day, we'll do the work and call it play.

When one's awake the other sleeps, in regular rotation!

SPOONEY: Ebenezer Mooney-o, and Julius Caesar Spooney-o, they've made us railway horficers, and we've got a railway station.

MOONEY: "Oh my eye, etc." (As before.)



ACT I, SCENE 2

Scene : Coloured paper carpet.

Present : ORLANDO and SOPHONISBA – the former with carpet bag.

Relight candles.

Draw up W. curtain, and change for G.

ORLANDO: My Sophonisba!

SOPHONISBA: My Orlando! (Repeat.)

ORLANDO: Time, my love, is flowing,

And I fear I must be going –

SOPHONISBA: Oh, no! You don't say so! (Repeat three times, and vary.)

ORLANDO: Yet surely we can't have been here so long?

SOPHONISBA: Oh, no, we can't! Your watch must be wrong!

ORLANDO: Our conversation has been so unimportant.

But my watch is right; it is going as it ought.

SOPHONISBA: Then it's not like you, for you're going as you oughtn't.

To go all the way to Birmingham for half-a-dozen of port!

ORLANDO: My beauty, it is my duty!

SOPHONISBA: But aren't you sorry to go?

ORLANDO: Oh, dear no!

Air: "There is na luck." ³

SOPHONISBA: What? Ain't you grieved to go, my dear!

My husband! Oh, for shame!

How can you go and leave me here?

You're very much to blame!

For I can't get on without you, love,

I can't get on at all!

That is, of course, you know, my love,

When you are out of call.

For puzzles come, and I've no skill,

I'm really such a dunce!

The butcher brings his little bill,

And must be paid at once!

For I can't get on, etc.

And visitors, too, come from town,

Whom I've got to receive.

With a patch of flour upon my gown

And some treacle on my sleeve.

For I can't get on, etc.

'Twas but the other day a man,

When told to leave the door,

Went off – indeed, he almost ran.

I never saw him more.

I thought him a good riddance then,

But 'ere an hour was gone

I missed the forks – there should be ten –

And all the spoons but one!

For I can't get on, etc.

ORLANDO: Was I the only spoon you then possessed?

SOPHONISBA: No, dear! I missed you more than all the rest!

But now, my love, decide without delay,

What will you have for dinner, dear, to-day?

ORLANDO⁴: Through feastings and banquetings though we should hurry,

Be it ever so fiery, there's no dish like curry!

Curry! sweet curry! There's no dish like curry!

SOPHONISBA: Through larder and kitchen, I very much fear,

There is no curry-powder, though I search for a year.

Talk of curry-powder, there's nothing like it here!

What do you say to Irish stew?

Air: "Maidens of Zia." ⁵

ORLANDO: Not even Irish stew,

With salt and onions, too,

Will for your husband do

So well as mutton,

Roasted, roasted, roast leg of mutton!

Let it be nicely done.
I will be home at one.
Nothing is half such fun
As eating mutton,
Roasted, roasted, roast leg of mutton!

Let it be very hot,
Or else I'll eat it not,
All woes will be forgot
In eating mutton,
Roasted, roasted, roast leg of mutton!

You know, my love, I never wish
For any other dish,
So don't get any fish,
But only mutton,
Roasted, roasted, roast leg of mutton!

SOPHONISBA: Well, love, then roast mutton it shall be.

ORLANDO: So now, my love, good-bye.

Air: "Dulce Domum." 6

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever fare thee well,
Sophonisba, Sophonisba!
Listen for the front door bell! (*Exit*)

Air: "Dih Conte." 7

SOPHONISBA: Fare thee well, my own Orlando,
My husband so blooming and fat,
And remember, oh, my dear one,
To take good care of your hat;
For it's new and tender,
And it cost you four bob and a bender.
Then don't sit down upon it, or
You'll squash it ever so flat!
Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever, fare thee well.
I'll expect you home to dinner, and
Be listening for the front-door bell.
Alas! how my duck will suffer
If he gets pitched into by the buffer,
Or if beneath the engine he
Gets squashed like a snail in its shell!

Draw down G. curtain.



ACT II, SCENE I

Scene : Wall, and green paper sides. Two placards: "To Booking Office" and "To Platform." Luggage.

Present : MOONEY and SPOONEY, as before.

Draw up G. curtain, and change for W.

MOONEY: Here we are again.

SPOONEY: Here we are, Mooney.

MOONEY: Oh, that won't do at all; we must change our names, you know.

SPOONEY: Well, then, *you* must think of new ones, for I'm sure I can't; I – I – never was used to that kind of thing.

MOONEY: No more was I, my dear Spooner. What do you say to Moggs and Spicer?

SPOONEY: Moggs and Spicer! Why, it's the very thing! That's a singular coincidence! They're *exactly* the right names! So I'm to call you Moggs?

MOONEY: Certainly, Spicer, you are.

SPOONEY: Ha, ha, to be sure, Moggs and Spicer!

MOONEY: But I say, Spicer!

SPOONEY: What!

MOONEY: Such a norrid thing!

SPOONEY: Oh don't, don't, please! You frighten me! Are you in joke?

MOONEY: In joke? Not I. Hark you, a word in your ear; such a norrid thing!

SPOONEY: Oh, I say! Come, come! This is beyond a joke. Don't, there's a good fellow! I declare you have made me feel so bad!

MOONEY: Do you think I care what it makes you feel, I tell you, it's as true as day. One of the norriddest things –

SPOONEY: Oh, what is it, Moggs, please! I shall faint if you don't tell me directly!

MOONEY: Why, we've got a duty here that I didn't know of!

SPOONEY: Oh, what is it, Moggs?

MOONEY: We've got to sing.



SPOONEY: Sing? When?

MOONEY: Why, always!

SPOONEY: What, always?

MOONEY: Yes, Spicer, all day long. We never ought to speak, we must sing all we have to say! (*A pause.*)

SPOONEY: Then I'll just tell you what it is, my dear Moggs. *I can't do it*, and that's all about it!

MOONEY: But you *must*, my dear Spicer, or else you'll lose your situation!

SPOONEY: Well if I must, I must.

MOONEY (*singing*)⁸: Now my dear Spicer,
I'd have you to try, sir,
To set all this platform to rights.
Have the engine brought out,
Push the luggage about,
And see to the lanterns and lights.

SPOONEY: Yes, Mooney, I will, Mooney. Is that anything like singing?

MOONEY: Not the least atom, my dear Spicer; and remember, I'm Moggs, not Mooney!

SPOONEY: Oh, Moggs! To be sure, Moggs! Is that any better?

MOONEY: Rather worse, if anything, Spicer; but there's no difference worth speaking of.

SPOONEY: Oh dear, then I'm afraid I shall never do it!

Enter Kaffir.



MOONEY: Who are you, sir?

SPOONEY: Yes, sir, who are you, sir? It is Mr. Moggs that speaks to you, sir, and Mr. Moggs is a very talented man; you must answer him directly, sir. Is that more like singing, Mooney?

MOONEY: Moggs, Moggs, idiot!

SPOONEY: Oh, Moggs! Well I never *shall* remember –

MOONEY: But the man hasn't answered yet.

SPOONEY: No, more he has! Are you going to answer, sir?

KAFFIR: —

MOONEY: What's that, Spicer? I don't understand French.

SPOONEY: But it ain't French, it's German.

MOONEY: No, that I'll declare it isn't; it must be Dutch.

SPOONEY: I don't think it's that either; let's ask him. I say, old feller, what language is that?

MOONEY: What a donkey you are, Spicer, he can't understand that, you must talk to him in his own language.

SPOONEY: How in the world am I to do that, Moggs, when I don't even know what it is?

MOONEY: Do as I tell you, sir, and don't be impertinent!

SPOONEY: Well, here goes, then: —

KAFFIR: —

MOONEY: Well, what did he say?

SPOONEY: Oh, he understood *me* well enough; the difficulty is, I can't understand *him*!

MOONEY: Stop a moment, I begin to recollect. It's our old friend Tamaha, etc. What a stupid you are, Spicer, not to think of that before!

SPOONEY: No, no, Moggs, fair play if you please! You're the most stupid, you know.

MOONEY: *That* I'm not; you are, I'm sure!

SPOONEY: Oh, well, perhaps, but you're the most foolish at any rate, ain't you?

MOONEY: H'm! Don't you talk nonsense; leave me to deal with him, I understand the language.

Mooney and Kaffir converse. Exit Kaffir.

SPOONEY: What did he want?

MOONEY: He wanted the situation of stoker, and I've given it *him*!

SPOONEY: What? Without consulting me?

MOONEY: Without consulting you indeed! I should think so!

SPOONEY: Well, you know best, I suppose; but you certainly *are* the most foolish of the two.

MOONEY: No more of that! Spicer, why ain't you singing?

SPOONEY: Why should I?

MOONEY: It's so ordered by Bradshaw —

SPOONEY: Bother Bradshaw! You're not singing, either.

MOONEY: Why the fact is I don't choose, and I don't care for Bradshaw! (*Roar heard. Both start.*)

SPOONEY: What's that?

MOONEY: Don't know, I'm sure.

SPOONEY: Did you say you didn't care for Bradshaw?

MOONEY: I did.

SPOONEY: Why, no more do I! (*Roar.*) Oh, I say, don't let's talk any more about it, think of something else.

MOONEY: Well, what do you think of the weather?

Enter Mrs. Muddle.

MRS. MUDDLE: Which I never did see so ill-regulated a station. Railway horficers, indeed; I know what *I'd* do with sich horficers!

MOONEY: What do you want, my good woman?

MRS. MUDDLE: Why, here have I been waiting a good half-hour to get a docket, and there's no one to give it me!

SPOONEY: What *does* she mean, Moggs?

MOONEY: Oh, if it's a ticket you want, ma'am, I'll get you one in a moment — where to?

MRS. MUDDLE: Birmingham.

Exit Moggs.

MRS. MUDDLE: Now, young man, will you see to the luggridge and baggridge, if you please.

SPOONEY: Will you show me which *is* your luggage, ma'am?

MRS. MUDDLE: Why, it's all mine, himperence! What then?



SPOONEY: Oh, nothing, ma'am, it's all right here, the train won't be here yet.

Enter Moggs.

MOONEY: Here's your ticket, ma'am. Five and fourpence.

MRS. MUDDLE: There's your money, then. Now young man, attend. There's a little basket I left in the office, sir, which contains...something imported.

MOONEY: *What*, ma'am?

MRS. MUDDLE: Never you mind *what* it is, himperence, it's something imported.

SPOONEY: Oh, Moggs, it's something smuggled! Don't have anything to do with it!

MOONEY: Nonsense, Spicer, she means important. Well, ma'am, do you wish to have it with you?

MRS. MUDDLE: No, himperence, I *don't* wish to have it with me. I wishes it to be sent.

(Pause.)

MOONEY: Sent how, ma'am?

MRS. MUDDLE: How dare you interrupt me, sir? I wishes it to be sent by the – by the Electric Diagrams –

MOONEY: Electric Telegraph, do you mean, ma'am?

MRS. MUDDLE: I should hope I did, sir!

SPOONEY: Oh, Moggs, she must be mad!

MOONEY: I'm sorry to say, ma'am, it can't go.

MRS. MUDDLE: Then I'll write to the nugepaper! As sure as my name's Muddle, I'll write to the nugepaper! *(Exit.)*

Draw down W. curtain.

ACT II, SCENE 2

Scene : Station.

Present : MOONEY and SPOONEY.

Draw up W. curtain, and change for G.

MOONEY: Spicer, where's Mrs. Muddle?

SPOONEY: In the waiting room talking about Electric Diagrams.

MOONEY: Do you know, Spicer, what an awful thing I saw just now?

SPOONEY: No, what?

MOONEY: A Bradshaw's Railway Guide on legs stood visibly before me, and at the same moment I heard a hollow voice.

SPOONEY: Oh, I say, how you terrify me!

MOONEY: Yes, sir, a hollow voice which said: "Mooney, why singst thou not. Spooney, why singst thou not? Spooney hath murdered singing. And, therefore, Mooney shall sing no more, Spooney shall sing no more."

SPOONEY: Did it say any more?

MOONEY: Oh, ever such a lot more! It said:

"Oh, I have passed a miserable day.

Spooney sings worse than any man can say."

SPOONEY: Any more?

MOONEY: Rather. It said:

"Tunes, music, thorough – bass, lend me your ear,

I came to see if Spooney sang: he didn't!

He doesn't know a note or any tune,

I never heard so shocking bad a singer!"

SPOONEY: Oh dear, this is past bearing! What impertinence!

MOONEY: Hush, don't interrupt me.

"When Spooney tried to sing, I really wept!

I couldn't bear it! It was agony!

His listeners should be made of sterner stuff!

Did this in Spooney look like knowing music?

Yet Spooney thinks he knoweth how to sing.

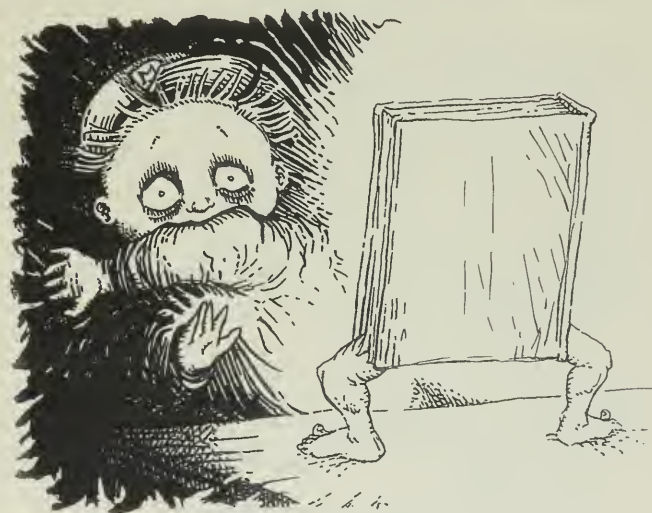
But Spooney he is very much mistaken!

Each time he tried he always missed the note,

Now sharp, now flat, but never natural,

Yet Spooney thinks he knoweth how to sing,

But Spooney he is very much mistaken!"



SPOONEY: But, Moggs, that's not true! I *don't* think I know how to sing, and I'd much rather not try!

MOONEY: The figure then said "Tell Spooney from me that he shall suffer for his doings and mis-doings."

SPOONEY: Oh dear, oh dear! I never bargained for this when I took the situation; I'd rather be 100 miles off, a great deal!

MOONEY: Well, I can't stay now, I hear somebody in the office.

(Exit.)

SPOONEY: Such an odd thing! To think of a book coming and talking Shakespeare like a human being – I never!

(Voice calling "Spicer! Spicer! come quick, I can't manage him without help.")

Exit Spooney.

Voices outside: "Oh I say – it's no business of yourn!" "Hold your tongue!" "Hands off, villain!"

Enter Orlando, Mooney and Spooney.

Air "Come é Gentil – " 9

ORLANDO: He won't give me the ticket, the brute, the brute.

MOONEY: I won't give you the ticket, you cheat, you cheat!

SPOONEY: You see, sir, he considers it his duty, and therefore he won't give you the ticket, because you won't give him the money, the money, the money!

ORLANDO: Then will you let me go as luggage, you brute, you brute!

MOONEY: I won't let you go as luggage, 'cos you ain't, 'cos you ain't!

SPOONEY: You see sir, you're a gentleman, and not a parcel, and so he won't let you go as luggage, because you ain't done up in brown paper, brown paper –

ORLANDO: Well then, I must go and get the money. See to my luggage – I'm going to Birmingham. (*Exit.*)

Whistle heard.

MOONEY: That's the Birmingham train: It's no use waiting for him: Let it go.

Exit Spooney.

Whistle, etc., heard. Enter Spooney.

SPOONEY: Train's gone –

Enter Orlando.

SPOONEY: And all his luggage in it.

ORLANDO: Has the train gone, do you know?

MOONEY: Yes, sir, an hour ago.

ORLANDO: Bradshaw says half-past nine!

MOONEY: He has not rightly expressed it.

ORLANDO: Then I suppose I'm not in time?

MOONEY: Why you've exactly guessed it!

ORLANDO: That Bradshaw –

I only wish I had him here!

Just wouldn't I give it him? Oh no!

MOONEY: No, you wouldn't!

ORLANDO: And why not, I should like to know?

MOONEY: 'Cos you couldn't: He's half as big again as you, You little feller!

He'd beat you black and brown and blue,
And green and yellor!

ORLANDO: Is my luggage gone, too?

SPOONEY: Just so, sir.

ORLANDO: Send a message by the Electric Telegraph directly; and I'll wait here.

Exit Mooney and Spooney.

Air: "Auld Lang Syne." 10

ORLANDO: Should all my luggage be forgot,

And never come to hand,
I'll never quit this fatal spot,
But perish where I stand.

But should it all come back again,

I'll say: "How glad I am!"

And I'll take a ticket by the train for Bir-ming-ham.

In every carriage there's a seat

More cosy than the rest,

And when I've room to stretch my feet,

I always like it best.

Should such a lot be mine, I'll say:

"What a lucky dog I am!"

And joyfully I'll go my way to Bir-ming-ham.

Though wind be cold, and air be damp,

It cannot pierce my rug,

I'll read my book by the light of the lamp,

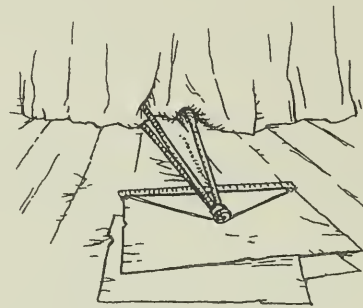
Wrapped up all tight and snug.

If I get there in time to sup,

I'll say: "How glad I am!"

And I'll proudly give my ticket up, at Bir-ming-ham.

Draw down G. curtain.



ACT III, SCENE 1

Scene: Station as before; no luggage.

Present: MOOGS and SPICER.

Draw up G. curtain, and change for W.

SPOONEY: I quite agree with you, Moggs, we won't sing any more in future.

MOONEY: That we won't! A fig for Bradshaw!

Roar heard.

SPOONEY: Oh, I say, Moggs, don't you mention his name again! I am so frightened!

MOONEY: So am I, Spicer; my heart is troubled with fears of future sorrow. Coming events, my dear Spicer, cast their shadows before.

SPOONEY: Except at midday, you know, Moggs; shadows go the other way after midday.

MOONEY: My poor Spicer! You have no soul for poetry, I see!

Enter Huntsman.

LOST: Where's the stationmaster? I want to go to London by the 9.45.

MOONEY: The 9.45, sir? That's gone rather more than half-an-hour ago.

LOST: Oh dear, dear, how unlucky I am! When's the next train?

SPOONEY: The next train is 11.5.

LOST: Oh, that'll do! Give me a ticket for that!

MOONEY: But that train goes to Lincoln, sir.



LOST: Oh, never mind, never mind; I'm sure to miss it, so it don't signify! Only give me a ticket.

MOONEY: Now, sir, just be advised by me: wait for the half-past eleven train, which goes to London; there's a waiting room in there. (*Exit Lost.*) (*Train heard approaching.*)

SPOONEY: What train is this, Mooney?

MOONEY: Moggs, if you please. This will be the Birmingham train. (*Whistle heard.*) Where's that old woman, I wonder? She'll be late after all.

SPOONEY: I'll run and fetch her. (*Exit, and returns with Mrs. Muddle.*)

MOONEY: Now, mum, look sharp, if you please. Here's your train coming. Is all this your luggage?

MRS. MUDDLE: Yes, sir, it be; but it's not the luggridge I cares for, no, nor the baggridge neither. Young man.

MOONEY: Madam.

MRS. MUDDLE: I wishes you to – to – to ensnare my life!

SPOONEY: Oh, Moggs, hold me up a moment, I am took so bad!

MRS. MUDDLE: Now himperence, what are you a-grumbling about? Are you going to ensnare my life, or not?

MOONEY: Ensnare your life, ma'am!

MRS. MUDDLE: Yes, sir! What with all these collections and accidings as is so perpetually 'appening, I daren't go without you do!

SPOONEY: We couldn't do it, really, mum. I don't know what the consequences would be! Don't consent, Moggs!

MOONEY: I haven't a notion what she means! No, ma'am, we can't do it on any considerations!

MRS. MUDDLE: Then, young men, mark my words! If any of them collections happens, or the steam Indian blows up, or I get run over and killed in one of your funnels, which I never could see the sense of yet, and they never light 'em up, mark my words, it'll be manslaughter! And if it be, which I'm mortally certain it will, I'll write to the nugepaper! There!

SPOONEY: But, my dear madam, it can't be manslaughter, in any case. It will only be woman-slaughter.

MRS. MUDDLE: Well, and what then, you young Spooney, ain't that just as bad?

SPOONEY: How does she know my name?

MOONEY: She doesn't; don't betray yourself!

MRS. MUDDLE: No, I don't know your name, nor I don't want to; your face is bad enough, in all conscience!

Whistle heard. Lost rushes across back of stage.



MOONEY: Run and stop the train, Spicer, and see what that gentleman is after. (*Exit Spicer.*) Really, madam, you shouldn't go by the railway alone; why haven't you somebody with you?

MRS. MUDDLE: Because I'm suffidgent by myself, himperence! My missis was a sayin' to me only this mornin', says she: "Mrs. Muddle," says she, "won't you have someone with you?" "No, mum," says I, "I won't; I knows all about the docketts, and the collections, and the steam Indians," says I, "and I knows the himperence of the railway horficers," I says, "and I can manage it all, and when I gets to the station I wants to get out at," says I, "why, I'll just nudge the conductor with the pint of my rumberoller!"

MOONEY: My good woman, you are under some mistake. A railway train is not a bus!

MRS. MUDDLE: Oh, it ain't, ain't it, sir? Then what does it go and conduct itself as a bus for, I'd like to know?

MOONEY: I don't understand you, ma'am –

MRS. MUDDLE: Why, one of them steam Indians went and bust only last seek, at least so my neege Eliza telled me.

MOONEY: Bust? Madam, what in the world do you mean?

MRS. MUDDLE: Well, it *did* bust; don't you go for to denige it, himperence! And now, sir, are you going to ensnare my life for me, or not?

Enter Spicer and Mr. Lost.

LOST: Oh, whatever will become of me, I'm sure I don't know!

SPOONEY: Here's this gentleman was a-running like mad into the wrong train.

LOST: And so I ought to, oughtn't I? It was just on the point of starting.

MRS. MUDDLE: Just going, is it? and I haven't got my life ensnared yet! Oh, you villains!

Exit Mrs. Muddle. Whistle and train heard going.

Enter Mrs. Muddle.

MRS. MUDDLE: There now! there's the train gone, and all my luggridge in it!

LOST: Gone! Then it's all up!

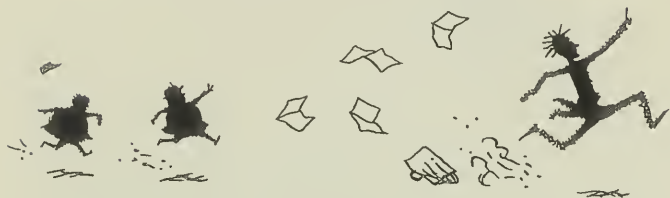
SPOONEY: No, sir, that was the down train.

MRS. MUDDLE: Well, young men, I'll write to the nugepaper immediate, and what'll it'll do, I'm sure I can't tell, but I 'ope it'll give you six months in the treadmill, or else hard labour at the gallows! Mark my words – I says to you, says I, "See to the luggridge and baggridge" – that were the depression I made use of – and you've been and sent it off without me!

MOONEY: But, my dear madam, you shall go by the next train – won't *that* do?

MRS. MUDDLE: No, sir, it will *not* do!
 MOONEY: What do you want then?
 MRS. MUDDLE: Well, I'll say nothing' more about it, so long
 as you'll send me by the – the electric Diagrams.

Mooney, Spooney and Lost rush out.



MRS. MUDDLE: (*Singing. Air: "Norma."*) ¹¹
 Oh, dear! Whatever am I to do?
 Dear, whatever am I to do?
 Here's all my luggridge is gone,
 I haven't the least idea where to!
 There was three trunks and an oblong box
 And none of them had got any locks;
 And they'll be robbed on the way, as sure
 As my name is Muddle, they will.
 Oh, dear! Whatever am I to do?

Draw down W. Curtain.



ACT III, SCENE 2

Scene: Coloured paper – carpet.

Present: SOPHONISBA.

Draw up W. curtain.

SOPHONISBA: Ah, how my heart beats with fear!
 Would that my beloved husband were here!
 I wish he wasn't quite so late!
 The dinner'll be spoilt as sure as fate!

Air: "Non Piu Mesta." ¹²

Is the mutton roasting, Sarah Jane?
 And are the potatoes boiled?
 If we have to send them out again
 The dinner-party will be spoiled!

Enter Sarah Jane.

COOK: Why, I'm sorry to say, mum, the meat took a jump.
 And into the ashes did rush;
 But I've bin and I've scrubbed it under the pump,
 With soap and a blacking-brush!
 And the taties, mum, they was bilin' so well,
 When just as I turned my back,

A whole lot of soot down the chimbley fell,
 And now they're as black as black!

SOPHONISBA: You don't say so! Is it *quite* spoilt?
 COOK: *Quite*, mum! It'll only do for me and perliceman Z.74 to
 'ave for supper this night.

SOPHONISBA: Then what are we to have for dinner?

COOK: Oh, mum, I'll run you up some little thing in a jiffey!
 What d'you say to Irish stew?

SOPHONISBA: Irish stew, cook? The very thing!

COOK: Why, I thought as much, mum, so I've just done some;
 it's down to the fire now! (*Exit.*)

Enter Orlando.

ORLANDO: Dinner ready, my dear?

SOPHONISBA: Very nearly, I believe, love –

ORLANDO: What, the roast leg of mutton? That's right!

That roast leg of mutton, of mutton, of mutton,
 That roast leg of mutton I've thought of all day.
 So let us get at it, get at it, get at it,
 So let us get at it without more delay!

SOPHONISBA: Why, the fact is, dear, it's not –

ORLANDO: Not hot mutton!

SOPHONISBA: No, my love, don't be angry.

Air: "La ci darem." ¹³

ORLANDO: I don't like cold mutton.

SOPHONISBA: I know that as well as you.

ORLANDO: But whatever it is, I don't care a button!

SOPHONISBA: Why, my dear love, it's Irish stew!

ORLANDO: Then what has become of the joint?

SOPHONISBA: That doesn't matter to you!

ORLANDO: Where is it?

SOPHONISBA: That's nothing to the point,

For we're to dine on Irish stew.

ORLANDO: Then since it must be so, must be so, must be so,
 Into the dining room let us go, let us go.

Come with me –

SOPHONISBA: I agree. (*Exeunt both.*)

A short pause.

Enter both by other door.

SOPHONISBA: Now, my love, that we have dined,
 Tell me, if you feel inclined,
 How you travelled and got on.

ORLANDO: All my luggage, dear, is gone!
 I've been the sport of cruel fate,
 For every train I was too late!
 It's all along of Bradshaw!

Air: "Long, long ago." ¹⁴

When I arrived at the sta-ti-on

Long, long ago, etc.

I found that the train which I wanted was gone,

Long, long ago, etc.

The train-time in Bradshaw was printed all wrong,

And that is the reason that I've been so long,

And I only wish he had gone to Hong-Kong,

Long, long ago, etc.

Air: "Go, forget me." 15

SOPHONISBA: Oh! forget it. Why should Bradshaw
O'er that brow a shadow cast?
Let us think no more about it,
Since you have got home at last.

ORLANDO: Home? But where's the roasted mutton?
And I've got no clothes to put on;
May that Guide of Bradshaws be
Put behind the fire by me!

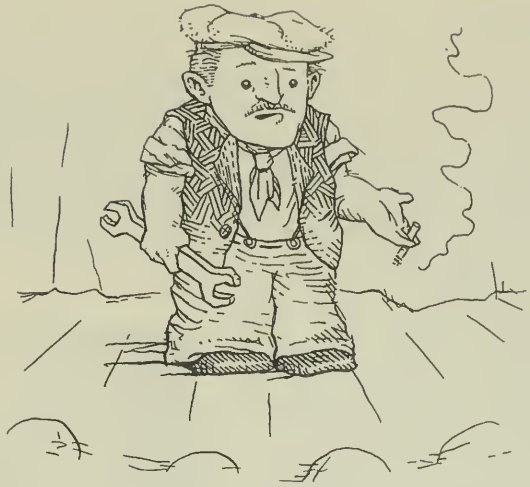
Air: "Paloma" 16

ORLANDO: That Bradshaw, I wish he'd caught it as he ought;
that Bradshaw's Railway Guide – "That Bradshaw!" etc.

SOPHONISBA: Ditto, as above.

Enter Bradshaw.

ORLANDO: Oh horror!



EPILOGUE

By Mr. Flexmore.

Scene : Green curtain at back – green floor – green paper sides.

Draw up W. curtain, and change for P.

Air: "Admiral." 17

How gallantly, how merrily, we've spent our time to-day!
The audience are delighted, delighted with our play,
Or so at least they seem to be, by making such a noise,
The cause for which, I fancy, is, there are so many boys!
Both strangers and relations, we thank you, one and all,
We asked you for your plaudits and you answered to our
call,
Pit, gallery (if such there be) and stalls, and private boxes,
Spectators all of many names, especially Wilcoxes!
I hope you've all been satisfied with music, sound and sight,
And now I think it's fully time to wish you all good-night.
I've but two words to say to you, so patient as you've been,
Which are "Good health to each one here," "Long live our
gracious Queen!"

Draw down P. curtain.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.



Enter all.

BRADSHAW: "Enter my minions all and hear my words:
I made a rule my servants were to sing.
That rule they disobeyed, and in revenge
I altered all the train-times in my book,
And made the world go wrong, what then? 'twas just;
And ever thus shall virtue be rewarded,
And vice be punished, ye that hear me now,
Say, do not I speak truly; let applause
Be ours if now our conduct be commended;
But hisses, groans, and howlings as of beasts,
If we have failed your hopes to satisfy!"

Draw down W. curtain.



NOTES

1. "I've been wandering through the wide world..."

Untraced, and perhaps not a parody at all, unless it be a derivative of "I've been roaming..." by C.E. Horn (1786-1849). The first line recalls some words written on a piece of wood by the youthful Dodgson, and found beneath the floorboards at Croft Rectory: "And we'll wander through the wide world and chase the buffalo..."

2. "Oh my eye, what jolly fun..."

Also untraced, and perhaps with no conscious source.

3. "There's nae luck about the hoose..."

An 18th century Scottish ballad, variously attributed to W.J. Mickle and Jean Adams. The tune is traditional.

4. "Through feastings and banquetings..."

Parody of "Home, sweet home...", a well-remembered air from Henry Bishop's otherwise forgotten opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan* (1823). It was borrowed by Donizetti for his own (much more memorable) *Anna Bolena* (1830), and became the theme-song of Adelina Patti. The words are by the American actor and dramatist John Howard Payne.

5. "Maidens of Zia..."

From Thomas Moore's *Evenings in Greece* (1830). An arrangement for piano trio was published in Philadelphia in the 1830s.

6. "Dulce domum..." (i.e., "Fare thee well...")

School song of Winchester College, a 17th century composition by John Reading.

7. "Dih Conte..."

This seems to be a misprint, and has defied all attempts at emendation. The best conjectures to date are "Di tanti palpiti..." from Rossini's *Tancredi* (1813), and "Deh contentatevi..." from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio segreto* (1792). ("Four bob and a bender" - the price of Orlando's hat - is an obsolete vulgarism for four shillings and sixpence, 4/6).

8. "Now my dear Spicer..."

Untraced.

9. "Com' é gentil..."

Ernesto's aria from Act III of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* (1843).

10. "Auld lang syne..."

A folk-song, revived by Robert Burns in 1794. The tune now associated with it has a complicated history. It was used in the opera *Rosina* (1783) by William Shield, but may be of Scottish origin, like the words.

11. "Norma..."

Presumably refers to a strain from Bellini's opera of that name (1831), whose best-known aria is "Casta diva..." As his diaries record, Dodgson first attended a live performance in London in 1855.

12. "Non piu mesta..."

The heroine Angelina's final aria from Act II of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* (1817).

13. "La ci darem..."

The duet for Zerlina and the Don in Act I of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (1787).

14. "Long long ago..."

A ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839), which was later

parodied again by Dodgson in *The Legend of Scotland*, written for the Longley family in 1858.

15. "Go forget me, why should sorrow..."

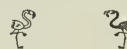
A ballad adapted by William (or Thomas) Clifton, ca. 1840, to music from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. "Batti, batti, bel Masetto..." - Zerlina's aria from Act I - is a not unlikely candidate.

16. "La Paloma..."

A song, it seems, and later a piano piece, by Sebastien Yradier (1809-65), a Cuban composer whose Habanera earned a second lease of life when it was appropriated for use in Bizet's *Carmen*.

17. "Admiral..."

Untraced, but may be an allusion to Admiral Benbow, whose exploits in the Caribbean against the French, in 1702, were commemorated in an 18th century sea-shanty of that name.



It remains to be added that the names of Messrs B. Webster, Kemble, Liston and Mrs Siddons, in the Prologue, and of Mr Flexmore, in the Epilogue, refer to well-known theatrical figures, none of whom (it need hardly be said) had anything to do with presenting *La Guida* to its public.



"When I look at you, I see more than just a cat—I see the rewards of a conscientiously applied program of dental hygiene."

LITERARY

Love, Ruth: A Son's Memoir by LCSNA President-emeritus Charles C. Lovett, (Callanwolde Guild; 0967204046) is a "tender and sensitive and true" examination of love and loss in looking at the life of his mother, Ruth Candler Lovett, great-granddaughter of the founder of the Coca-Cola company, who passed away at the age of 29.

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Leaves from the Deanery Garden

Being a Laurel and Hardy fan as well as a true Carrollian, I couldn't let the following error go unnoticed in the *Knight Letter* No. 60: On page 21 in the answer to the "Losing Their Marbles" Challenge, it is stated that in the L&H movie "The Bohemian Girl" (1936) "the duo sing the ballad 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls'". Although Oliver Hardy's natural tenor voice would have indeed been appropriate and charming to hear, the song was not sung by Babe and/or Stan; it was performed by the title character, who was played by Jacqueline Wells. I'm not sure if she was dubbed or not, however. Thanks for letting me make this correction. By the way, the *Knight Letter* keeps getting better and better! Congratulations and regards.

Margaret Quiett
rquiett@SoCA.com



When the mail lady delivered a package which my husband knew was a foreign translation of *AW*, he invited her in to see my collection of 600+ Alice books, explaining what an important author Lewis Carroll was. Puzzled, she replied, "I thought Walt Disney wrote Alice in Wonderland!" (groan).

Carolyn Buck
Stockton, CA



I saw a license plate yesterday that was weird. It was in black, lavender and fuchsia, mostly, and said "Disney VILLAINS". The character was the Cheshire Cat, complete with sly grin! But he is hardly a villain! Maybe Dan Singer should get to work on this.

Actually, it wasn't a license plate, it was one of those metal things INSTEAD of a license plate on the front of the car. It had a regular license plate on the rear. I don't know what to call it! It was shaped like a license plate, it was where a license plate goes, but instead of "California" and a series of numbers, it had a large C. Cat and "Disney Villains", in black and DayGlo colors. A souvenir from D-land? Beats me. It was on a car parked at my school, so it was probably stolen.

Cindy Watter
Napa CA



The Cheshire Cat license plate is indeed from Disneyland, made in the early 90's. (I have two, one of them covered with splattered bugs, and one clean.) When Merlin's Magic Shop in Fantasyland was changed over to the Villains Shop, a new line of "villains" merchandise was created. I was confused as well about the C.Cat's inclusion in this group, though when

I thought about it, his mischief in the Disney film is ultimately responsible for instigating the Queen's final chase after Alice. Does that qualify him for villain status? Not really. Disney Villains merchandise has proven very popular over the past decade, but these days the Queen of Hearts is the representative villain from the "Alice" film, and the C.Cat was chosen as one of the characters to represent "75 years of Disney Magic" on commemorative merchandise this year.

Dan Singer
Pasadena CA



As with most theories, I believe there is some truth in Fernando Soto's theory that there is an "ultrarationality" at work in Lewis Carroll's writings. At the same time, however, I also believe that in his zeal to prove that Carroll did not write nonsense, Mr. Soto falls into two traps common to academics:

1. When a scholar is determined to find meaning in a work, he will find it – whether it was intended by the author or not. (Corollary: The scholar will then feel convinced the meaning he "discovered" was intended by the author, and will consider that conclusion to be obvious to any rational individual.)

2. When armed with a pet theory, any evidence that even vaguely supports that theory will be latched onto and quoted. Any evidence that invalidates that theory will be blithely ignored.

(I am reminded of an incident in which a professor at an Elizabethan studies conference tried to warn colleagues against these tendencies: In his presentation he gave a detailed textual analysis, building a very convincing argument that Christopher Marlowe had actually written the conference dinner menu.)

Mr. Soto is determined to prove that "far from being the paradigmatic nonsense or 'antimeaning' work... it is so often portrayed...", the *Snark* was carefully crafted in (a) logical, 'ultrarational', and 'rage for order' manner..." But since he is adamant about "taking Carroll at his word," why did Mr. Soto not include in his article these more candid statements by Carroll, mentioned in one of his own sources, *The Annotated Snark*?

"As to the meaning of the *Snark*? I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good meanings are in the book,

I'm very glad to accept as the meaning of the book."

"I have a letter from you... asking me 'Why don't you explain the *Snark*?'... Let me answer it now - 'because I can't.' Are you able to explain things which you don't yourself understand?"

"Periodically I have received courteous letters... begging to know whether *The Hunting of the Snark* is an allegory, or contains some hidden moral, or is a political satire: and for all such questions I have but one answer, 'I don't know!'"

"...I meant that the Snark was a *Boojum*. To the best of my recollection, I had no other meaning in my mind when I wrote it: but people have since tried to find the meaning in it."

In light of this, I can only assume that, after all these years, Mr. Soto believes he knows more about what Lewis Carroll meant than Lewis Carroll did himself.

Rather than Mr. Soto being the first person in 133 years to understand the *Snark*, as he seems to believe, I believe that *he* is the one misunderstanding the famous line in the poem's introduction. He is missing what everyone else has understood for years: that in vehemently denying the charge of writing nonsense, Carroll was *making a joke*. Carroll was pretending to be offended at the charge of writing nonsense in the same way that the rotund Falstaff pretended to be offended at the charge of being fat, or the drunken W.C. Fields pretending to be offended at the charge that he was inebriated. He was being ironic!

Most disturbing to me, Mr. Soto also displays the academic's ultrarational intolerance for ambiguity, seemingly incapable of understanding that human beings can be complex and multifaceted in nature, and that a person who could be ultrarational in some areas of his life could also be nonsensical at other times. In this, he reduces Charles Dodgson to a one-dimensional caricature.

Jonathan Dixon
Santa Fe, NM



To: Art Gallery of Ontario

Hello - Could you help clear up a bit of confusion? In the course of my researches into the history of a painting in your collection (Hughes' "Lady {a.k.a. Girl} with Lilacs", once owned by C.L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll"), I keep running into references to the "Art Gallery of Toronto" - the book *Arthur Hughes, His Life and Works* by Leonard says the painting was acquired by a committee of the AGT for the AGO. Is (or was) there an AGT separate from the AGO? Could you possibly shed some light on this for me?

Many thanks,
Mark Burstein



The Art Museum of Toronto was officially founded in 1900. The museum had no permanent exhibition space until 1911 when Mrs. Harriette Goldwin Smith deeded The Grange, a 15 room Georgian mansion built in 1817, and 6 acres of parkland to the museum. The Museum officially opened in The Grange

in 1913. In 1919 the name was changed to Art Gallery of Toronto to avoid confusion with the recently opened Royal Ontario Museum. In 1966, the Art Gallery of Toronto became a provincial agency and was renamed the Art Gallery of Ontario with an expanded mandate to serve all the people of the province of Ontario. In 1967 the Volunteer Committee began work on The Grange to make it a living museum, which was re-opened to the public in 1973. I hope this helps alleviate your confusion.

Sincerely,
Mara Meikle
Art Gallery of Ontario



The Royal Ontario Museum is very much alive in Toronto as well (<http://romlx6.rom.on.ca/>) and we promise not to confuse the two, especially during our upcoming meeting!

Charlie Lovett suggested that I mention to you a recent article on the Carroll centenary in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography Yearbook, 1998* (Gale, 1999). I did the article with lots of help from Charlie, who also supplied many of the illustrations.

Caroline C. Hunt
Professor of English
College of Charleston, Charleston, SC



I have just finished reading *The Problem of the Spiteful Spiritualist* by Roberta Rogow, and enjoyed it so much, I wanted to share my pleasure with you. [VHPS/St. Martins Press: 0312205708] This is the second of Rogow's mystery series in which our beloved Arthur Conan Doyle is teamed up with the Reverend Charles Dodgson as an odd couple of detectives who solve some intriguing mysteries. In their first sleuthing adventure they are thrown together in Brighton, England to solve *The Problem of the Missing Miss*. [0312185537; see KL 57, p.23] In this latest thriller they get mixed up with an eerie séance and an Indian treasure.

If you are as fascinated by life in Victorian England as I am, you are going to devour these whodunits each in one gulp.

Happy Reading!
Rich Wit.



You might be interested to know that Professors of British Literature Jean-Jacques Lecercle, Michel Morel, and Sophie Marret have organized a conference on Lewis Carroll that will be held at Nancy University (France) on Friday 19 and Saturday 20 November 1999. I will be reading a (shortened) French version of the paper on CLD and the Victorian Cult of the Child which I am to read at the New York Spring 2000 meeting; other speakers include Dame Gillian Beer, Jean Marie Fournier, Laurence Gasquet, Veronique Hague, Guy Leclercq, Isabelle Nieres, Pascal Renaud, Roy Sellars and Michael Wetzell. It will be a strictly academic conference, but information regarding attendance can be obtained from mmorel@clsh.univ-nancy2.fr.

With best regards
Hugues Lebailly
HLebailly@aol.com



It was only after receiving and reading the section "From Our Far-flung Correspondents" in *KL#60* that I realized I should have written something about the big "Alice in Wonderland" spring theme held from February to April 1999 at Marshall Field's and Co. department stores in Chicago and the suburbs. Well, better late than never.

At the Field's flagship store on State Street (that great street!) in The Loop, their windows displayed 3-D scenes-in the style of Tenniel. Over the doors to the main entrance was a large sculpture of the Cheshire Cat perched atop a branch. Along a main aisle inside were sculptures of the White Rabbit blowing its horn to welcome in the shoppers. Many "Alice" items were on sale, including collector plates, dolls, books, snow-globes, figurines, Christmas ornaments, partyware, cards, and videotapes of the NBC-TV movie. After making my purchases, the cashier placed the items inside a fancy shopping bag that had a thin layer of clear plastic on the front side. This gave the 3-D effect — when the bag was opened — of Alice (on the outside of the front side of the bag) looking across at the Cheshire Cat atop its perch (on the inside of the opposite side of the bag).

When the exhibit and sale ended in April, Field's sold the special handmade displays (which had been up for the duration of the exhibit) to local "Alice" collectors, including one to yours truly.

A lovely exhibit, to be sure.

Fred Ost
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Skokie, IL

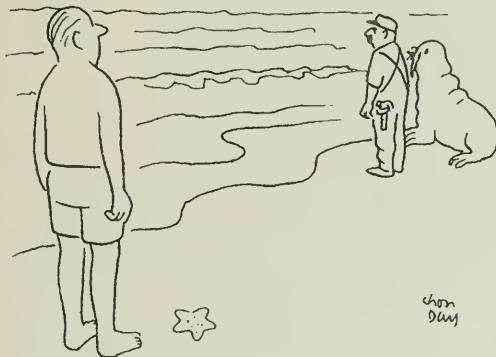


Editor's Queries

Does anyone know where to find Edmund Wilson's essay on Lewis Carroll?



The Paper Lantern greeting card (p.22) says "All that matters is what we do for each other - Lewis Carroll". The brochure for the St. Tudno hotel (p.20) quotes Carroll as: "One of the deep secrets of life is that all that is really worth the doing is what we do for others." Does anyone recognize the source (and proper wording) of this quote?



Serendipity

Sven Birkerts, writing in *Feed Magazine*, July 13, 1999, compared his experiences with two electronic book media — the *Rocket eBook* and the *Softbook*.

"My initial response, after some long minutes of reading and clicking, was to feel uneasy about the disappearance of context. The further in I read, the worse it got. Simply: I lost sight — literally — of where I had been, and had no real idea of how much further there was to go — in the chapter, in the book. The thin bar indicator running along the right margin of the *Rocket eBook* did not really help, nor was clicking backward any sort of solution. I began to realize how much my reading of a book depends on my sense of being situated, and how much I flex and relax certain cognitive muscles depending on where I know myself to be in the paper text. With the e-books, focus is removed to the section isolated on the screen and perhaps to the few residues remaining from the pages immediately preceding. The Alzheimer's effect, one might call it. Or more benignly, the cannabis effect. Which is why *Alice in Wonderland*, that *ur-text* of the mind-expanded '60s, makes such a perfect demo-model. For Alice too, proceeds by erasing the past at every moment, subsuming it entirely in every new adventure that develops. It has the logic of a dream — it is a dream — and so does this peculiarly linear reading mode, more than one would wish.

No context, then, and no sense of depth. I suddenly understood how important — psychologically — is our feeling of entering and working our way through a book. Reading as journey, reading as palpable accomplishment — let's not underestimate these. The sensation of depth is secured, in some part at least, by the turning of real pages: the motion, slight though it is, helps to create immersion in a way that thumb clicks never can. When my wife tells me, 'I'm in the middle of the new Barbara Kingsolver', she means it literally as well as figuratively."



WHITE RABBITS! or simply RABBITS! A South of England greeting on the first day of every month: late (?mid- or even earlier) C.19-20. 'Good luck!'

~ *The Penguin Dictionary of Historical Slang*
(Penguin Books, 5th Edition, 1982), adapted from
The Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English
by Eric Partridge (4th Edition, 1961; first published in 1937)



"The mome rath hasn't been born that can outgrabe me."

~ James Thurber,
The Thurber Carnival

As we drove up the hill to the Lewis Carroll Society (U.K.)'s meeting site, that appropriately named monument to splendid Victoriana, the Empire Hotel, we passed a used bookstore. "Not much use going in there," said Alan [White] glumly to Myra [Campbell] and me. "Mark [Richards] and Charlie [Lovett] have already been here for a day. "I figured that if that was the only thing that went wrong all weekend, I would have a delightful time. And I did. The Empire Hotel, in its ladylike frou-frou, stuffed with Spode and packed with Portmeirion, could not be in greater relief to the monastic glamour of last year's site, Christ Church. It is an old but very well-maintained place, somehow attached to the lower reaches of the Great Orme, affording wonderful views of Llandudno's crescent-shaped bay and the downtown area. My room was the perfect virgin's bower, with a frilled canopy over the bed, fabulous bath, and the requisite blue and white china teaset. In a way, it was wasted on me, who can fall asleep standing up.

The staff of the Empire was uniformly helpful and obliging, but what made me feel extra welcome was the minitabloid, *The Alice Times*, which was concocted by Ivor Wynne Jones, and placed in our rooms. This instant collectible (and the first of many that weekend) contained information about the history of Llandudno and the Empire Hotel, and was designed as a "personal tribute to 30 years of happy association with both the Lewis Carroll Society and the Maddocks family (the owners)."

A note to travelers: the area, while Victorian enough to give Martha Stewart sugar shock, does offer a lot for the whole family: cycling and climbing, a cable car ride up the Great Orme, tours of a copper mine and slate caverns, and the seashore, of course. The cult television program "The Prisoner" was filmed in nearby Portmeirion, and there are museums and castles galore. Llandudno is a beautiful place, and the weather confounded all predictions by being mild and generally sunny. Of course, the casual visitor would not have the advantage we enjoyed: Ivor Wynne Jones, whose idea it was to have the meeting in Llandudno, and who knows everything there is to know about the place. The first morning of the gathering I had the pleasure of being driven around by him, in the company of Stephen Martin and David Lockwood. We drove all along the bay, supposedly heading a convoy that, like an echo of the Snark hunt, became shorter and shorter. I felt like a jet-lagged Dante being hauled around by a hyperthyroid Virgil, except Llandudno is hardly a hell. Most probably because of its distance from the metropolis, the entire area has retained an enormous amount of its 19th century charm. We viewed the Menai Bridge immortalized in the White Knight's song, visited a couple of houses that Alice Liddell knew as a child (now, sadly, an old folks' home and a caravan park), and wound up at Beaumaris, reuniting with the rest of the group. Some of us had lunch at the Bulkeley and some of us were ignored by the staff for 90 minutes. Beaumaris is indeed beautiful, and is where young Charles Dodgson spent a holiday with his family in 1840. It is Ivor

Wynne Jones's belief that crossing the bridge, an engineering marvel of its day, made a powerful impression on CLD. He did write about it, twice. The birthplace of the little oysters in "The Walrus and the Carpenter" could well have been the beds at Anglesey (which were shut down, permanently, when the Duke of Clarence died after eating some). In addition, Thomas Hansom, inventor of the eponymous cab (also noted by Carroll), designed the prison, which some of us toured, the city hall, the Bulkeley Hotel, and the famous housing development, Victoria Terrace. I myself ate an ice cream cone beside the medieval castle, home of Edward I. I have no idea if the castle impressed Master Dodgson, but he would have loved the Museum of Childhood, which most of us visited.

This award-winning, privately owned museum is the perfect embodiment of the pack-rat's credo: "Never throw anything out." (This thought resonated all weekend, in fact.) All manner of toys, games, and children's utensils and furniture were displayed. There was an unbelievable variety: handcarved wooden "Dutch dolls", teddy bears, a sailor doll, a china Victorian fashion doll, *papier-mâché* eggs, an unusual black baby doll, and rag "golliwogs" were jumbled, higgledy-piggeldy, in the same case.

We went back to Llandudno for dinner, and the official opening of the LCS outing. I should point out here that the Empire Hotel takes the Victorian theme into the dining room: all the meals were first-class, five-course, and an homage to the days when sex symbols weighed 200 pounds. Mark Richards opened the by promising that we would all feel like old *Alice* hands by meeting's end. Ivor Wynne Jones then welcomed us to Llandudno, the "queen of Welsh resorts". In Welsh! He told us that the meeting we were attending had its inception in the Oak Room of the Plaza Hotel where, after the Morton Cohen dinner in the spring of 1998, he, Selwyn, Catherine, Mark, Christina, and Sarah, "my co-conspirators", decided that a meeting at Llandudno was a good idea. Without mincing any words, he launched into a narrative of the history of the "infamous" White Rabbit statue.

Ivor does not dislike the statue itself, just its inscription. Here it is, dear reader: "On this very shore during happy rambles with little Alice Liddell, Lewis Carroll was inspired to write that literary treasure *Alice in Wonderland* which has charmed children for generations." The problem with this inscription is that there is no evidence that CLD ever stayed at Penmorfa (the Liddell's home), nor is there any record of his visiting Llandudno (and hotels kept records of visitors, and usually published them in the papers!). The basis for this notion apparently comes from a book written by an Arthur Hughes around 1947. It relates a third-hand conversation with the painter of "The Three Sisters", Sir William Richmond, and a town councilman, J.J. Marks. Marks stated that Richmond said that Carroll put the finishing touches on *AW* while staying at Penmorfa. Other people who weren't there (Miss Menella Dodgson, for example) weighed in with their assertions, and a legend was born.

The statue was unveiled by David Lloyd George in 1933, and since then has become a figure of fun for Carrollians and a target of the local vandals. Ivor has twice offered a

replacement plaque to the town council, but been rebuffed. He does not have a high opinion of their knowledge of English literature: when they were told the LCS would be in their precincts, one member wanted to know if we would be dressed in Wonderland costumes! (More on that later.)

Ivor makes an excellent point: when the town could be capitalizing on the very real presence of Alice Liddell, who was, after all, painted with her sisters with the gorgeous Welsh landscape behind them; rather it chases “the long-suffering ghost of Lewis Carroll.” He also related a funny story: he was asked to name the streets of a Llandudno housing estate in 1977. He chose Alice-themed names, “a cunning plot”: Alice Gardens, Lorina’s Lane, Isis Way, Cuffnells Close, and Emery Down. Observe the name spelled by the first letters of the streets, one of Lewis Carroll’s favorite tricks! Not that anyone noticed.

The question and answer period followed. Who has the portrait by Richmond? Major Liddell. What about that picture of the Liddells in front of Penmorfa in an album of Carroll photos? In size, shape, and composition, it is unlike Carroll’s style of photography, and is probably not his work. Whether or not Carroll stayed at Penmorfa will probably rank with the “Did he ever meet Edward Lear?” debate. The answer to both questions is: “Not very likely.”

Next, Drs. Selwyn Goodacre and Catherine Richards shared a remarkable assortment of ephemera with us. Catherine may well have the world’s most comprehensive collection of postcards chronicling the gradual states of decrepitude of the White Rabbit statue. She showed them to escalating hoots of gaiety and disbelief. There was even a set of first day covers with a stamp of the statue with one ear missing! After that, Alan, Myra, Catherine, and Mark flogged tickets to a prize drawing. (To show you how seriously they take collecting: Alan saved the used drawing tickets for the LCS archives.) The next morning we went off again in the wagon train. We first went to Church of Our Savior with its Lewis Carroll Memorial Font, which, again, said that Lewis Carroll loved Llandudno. I didn’t care: the vicar was a nice man and there was a wonderful Mothers’ Union banner and a charming sign on the front gate: Polite Notice Please Do Not Allow Your Dog To Foul The Grounds. I wish I had one of each. From there we went, largely on foot, across the promenade towards the White Rabbit statue. Dear reader, I can barely express the emotion I felt upon seeing that sacred shrine. Nevertheless, I shall try. Picture an earless, pawless (Oh my dear paws) white marble rabbit, standing on a stack of white marble masonry, peering around the trunk of a tree at nothing, with a battered squirrel one level below, and a lump of marble that I was assured used to be a frog one level below that. The misleading plaque was still there. The actual base seemed to be cracked. “Maybe that’s where they used the butchers’ slabs” I said. “No, they used those for the ears.” (Years ago, lack of materials had caused the repair crew to use recycled marble.) In a vain attempt to prevent at-loose-ends art critics from destroying the piece, the town council had authorized a sort of bubble, made of metal bars, to be constructed around the statue. This gives it an odd fifties-

futuristic sort of look, but is obviously useless as protection. “How useless?” you may ask. Here’s how: even I could have squeezed through those bars. To add the final fillip to the poignant tableau, the statue was set in a rectangular reflecting pool. Floating in the northwest corner of the pool (of tears?) was – a mouse! This Carrollian detail propelled us to the Gogarth Abbey Hotel, formerly Penmorfa, summer home of Alice Liddell, where we were scheduled to have coffee.

Fascinating place. From a distance, if you ignored the ill-advised additions, it looked a bit like the Bates house in “Psycho”. Then we went into the coffee room and it looked a lot like your friends’ parents’ places at the beach, where they put all the furniture that has gone out of style. A clatter of crockery informed us that coffee was there and we all settled down to talk. Many people hadn’t seen each other since the big meeting last summer, and there were new people to meet. All of a sudden, Mark appeared and said, “I think it’s time to leave.” We were then hustled out, but we didn’t know why.

It turns out that the request to view the famous huge “Walrus and the Carpenter” painting (signed by William Fowler, but the owner swears it’s by Tenniel), had brought down a rain of abuse on the heads of the more adventurous of the group. The owner, who has apparently attended the Basil Fawltly School of Hospitality, locked the door to the dining room, and informed them that she was sorry, but as we weren’t staying there, we couldn’t see the picture. “You’re not sorry AT ALL,” retorted the ever-truthful Veronica Hickey, in her inimitable accents. On the way out, I took a picture of the “WELCOME to the Gogarth Abbey Hotel” sign hanging over a sulky little Alice statue. At least part of the owner’s crankiness is because Anne Clark Amor, in one of her books, described Penmorfa as a “Victorian folly”. All I can say is, if that’s how they treat people at the Gogarth Abbey, it’s no wonder Dodgson never stayed there.

The rest of the day went smoothly: no one got lost, and everyone was nice to us. We visited the village of St. George, which has (Alice’s cousin) Lady Florentia Liddell Hughes’s coat of arms inside the church, and her grave outside. This is a very charming, simple stone building built around 1893 upon the site of several really ancient churches. Florentia lived on her husband’s estate, Kimmel, just down the road, which has been through a few incarnations since her day, and is now a Christian retreat. There was one on in full swing, but the managers were quite pleasant and gave us full run of the place. (Take that, Gogarth Abbey!) We then moved on to Bodelwyddan, a former stately home and a current outpost of the National Portrait Gallery. This was my favorite stop of the day, mostly because it is very heartening to see an old building that has been beautifully restored. Myra and Alan had prepared a guide, “What’s Watts”, to the Bodelwyddan Hall of Fame. Many of Watts’s subjects in this gallery were friends, associates, or at least contemporaries of Carroll: Watts, Browning, Lord Salisbury, Crane, Millais, Tennyson, Rossetti, and the list goes on. Except for the Hall, galleries were set up like living rooms, so we could see the pictures in a less formal setting. The redecoration owed a lot

to the spirit of William Morris. This is a delightful place, well worth a visit.

After that, we rushed off to the Empire. to get ready for the evening program. We had three presentations. The first, by Canon Ivor Davies, was so amazing that I dropped my pen, and simply gaped in slack-jawed admiration. His subject was "The Man Who Nearly Wrote Alice". He opened with two remarkable quotes: "Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end?" and "She takes me by the hand and softly whispers...we were near the center of the earth." He said that there were two Welsh clergymen who were fascinated with the underworld, "and I don't mean Michael Vine and myself". He told us about the luckless Thomas Vaughan, who was ejected from his living in the 1750s for being "a common drunkard, a swearer, a useless creature, a whoremaster" and, worst of all perhaps, "incontinent." Then there was Henry Vaughan, who studied alchemy, and died as a result of an experiment gone wrong. Poor Thomas seemed to be more a victim of politics than anything else. He did write a fantastic tale about an underworld, cast in the form of a dream. There is a region of "inexpressible obscurity", and he is a wanderer, with a young girl, Thalia, as his guide. With Thalia, he visits the source of the Nile, and sees a crocodile with golden scales. There is a little, low door, and a hedgehog creeps out. Davies mentioned that the drawing of Thalia looked just like Ellen Terry. He talked about another tale, 500 years before Vaughan, in which a young girl disappears down a rabbit hole. At any rate, Vaughan seems to have felt about Thalia the same way Carroll felt about Alice (or Mrs. Liddell!!!) Vaughan even uses the "white stone" motif as a mark for an unusually pleasant occurrence. There is no way this brief mention can do justice to Canon Davies' s fascinating talk, with themes that are universal. It deserves to be reprinted in its entirety.

Charlie Lovett talked about "Lewis Carroll and the Press", which he said was "shameless pluggery" for his latest book of the same title. He described, in the third person, the delightful experience of going to The British Library and rampaging through the newspapers. He told us about Carroll's letters to the editor, and mentioned that Carroll crossed swords in print with Millicent Garret Fawcett, the great feminist whose portrait we had seen earlier at Bodelwyddan. Carroll also had some material published in the (Boston) Girls' Latin School paper, wonderfully named *The Jabberwock*. We know this because someone sent Charlie a few copies, perfectly preserved! These astonishing rarities produced a hum of delight (and a few squeaks of anguish from Selwyn). Our last speaker was the charming Muriel Ratcliffe, who I think is badly needed at the Gogarth Abbey. Muriel is the proprietress of "The Rabbit Hole" in Llandudno, which educates the public about Alice, and, incidentally, sells great Alice stuff. "You see before you a grandmother who operates a rabbit hole." *AW* was her favorite book as a child, and she played Alice in the school play. She also observed that, "If you went to a fancy dress party as Alice in Wonderland, you always won the prize." She loves promoting Alice. The drawing was held and the organizers must have believed, like the Dodo, that we

all should have a prize, because there were lots of good ones. After dinner we had the toast by Myra Campbell, the speech about goodness knows what by Michael Vine (it was very funny, though), and the Chairman's (Mark Richards) closing remarks. Alan White then hopped up and thanked Mark for all his hard work, and Ivor for writing seven books for the meeting!

The next morning we went to St. George's Church, another Liddell haunt. The rector, the Rev. Canon Philip Cousins, welcomed us. One of his texts was *Luke 15*. He mentioned that Jesus liked to use triple examples to make his point, and Lewis Carroll once wrote "What I tell you three times is true" in the *Snark*.

We then went to the St. Tudno, where Alice once stayed as a child, where we had coffee and tea. Janette Bland, whose sister has the Empire, owns this beautiful hotel. Their brochure is enlivened with pictures of Alice and her friends from Wonderland, and a quote from Carroll: "One of the deep secrets of life is that all that is really worth the doing is what we do for others."

Next, we walked along to The Rabbit Hole, where we met Muriel again and "Miss Alice Llandudno 1999". She is a poised and polite young lady named Melissa Robinette, who, when she grows up, should take over the Gogarth Abbey. We toured the underground settings from Wonderland, bought several important bits of Aliciana we could not live without, and generally enjoyed ourselves.

After lunch we said our good-byes, picking up a copy of the Llandudno Advertiser to read on the way home. The Lewis Carroll Society made the cover, in a way. The front page featured a large photo of the Gogarth Abbey, and the confident statement that the LCS would certainly spend time there! A remarkable color photo, of people I had never seen before in my life, dressed up in Alice in Wonderland costumes, apparently having a terrific time, was inserted into the Gogarthian landscape. So, the town council will believe, after all, that the LCS appeared in fancy dress in Llandudno.

Even though I didn't get to dress up like the Red Queen, I did have a wonderful time. I would like to thank Alan and Myra and Mark and Catherine and Ivor not just for the successful meeting, but for making all of us feel so much a part of the Society – especially this newcomer.



Cindy has gotten her wish. "The Man that Nearly Wrote Alice" has been printed in *Llandersnatch*, a special edition of *Bandersnatch*. Also available is Alice's Welsh Wonderland by Ivor Wynne Jones (0-9503359-4-0, 18 pages, illustrated) Contact Mark Richards at 50 Lauderdale Mansions, Lauderdale Road, London, W9 1NE, England. You can send £2.30 for the former and £2.90 for the latter, which includes airmail postage. He will take U.S. \$4 or \$5, respectively, or \$8 for the set. Make checks (or cheques) to the Lewis Carroll Society.



Carrollian Notes

Our Reputation Precedes Us

In the official program of the American Library Association's 1999 conference held in New Orleans the final week of June, August Imholtz noticed an entry for the session "A Child's Garden: Literary Societies about Children's Books" and decided to attend even if it meant having to skip the Federal Documents Task Force Steering Group Meeting. August was prepared to say a few words about our Society, but that task was ably handled by Ms Angelica Carpenter, the new curator of the Arne Nixon Center for the Study of Children's at the California State University at Fresno, who delivered a splendid illustrated lecture on the British Lewis Carroll Society and the Lewis Carroll Society of North America. After a stirring talk about the Freddie the Pig Society (actually named "Friends of Freddie") August did take the microphone to mention our Maxine Schaefer Children's Outreach Program, which generated much interest in the audience of librarians and children's literature specialists.

I couldn't have put it better myself

M.S. Venkatarman, writing in *The Hindu*, April 10, 1999, under the headline "Chortle and galumph with Carroll" composed a brief biography which is rather a delight. Some excerpts follow:

"Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) was born in Richmond in 1832. He was the third of 11 children, seven of whom were girls. His stammer, his left handedness, his partial deafness and his recluse nature, might have contributed to his complex personality. He was however, uninhibited in the company of the bevy of the little girls around him... After the Richmond Grammar School, where he developed a taste for Mathematics, he joined Rugby School. A total misfit there, he spent most of the time writing impositions... He invented the story as he rambled, sent the heroine tumbling down the rabbit hole, made her shoot up or shrink... He invited John Denniel, the Cartoonist of 'Punch' to make a better job out of it. These illustrations of John Denniel continue to adorn the editions till date... When Alice is in the Rabbit House, she wonders "Who am I? Am I Ada or am I Mabel? She is she and I am I". The rambling goes on. It sounds ridiculous. Yet there seems a tinge of *Dvaita-Advaita* controversy of Hinduism injected there... A rib-tickling parody of "You are old, Father William" of Walter Southey by Alice is one such piece. All the stanzas borrow the first line from the original, but then the craze starts... "Alice in Wonderland" had been parodied as "Malice in Blunder Land". It had been made into a musical opera, cartooned, filmed and televised. Its authorship had been questioned. Mark Twain had been dubbed the real author. 'The initials MT and SC appear on the "five of spades" in one of the pictures drawn. This refers to Mark Twain - Samuel Clemens.' The MT and SC were erased in the later edition of the book. The truth may be revealed possibly in the year 2006 A.D. when Carroll's

papers will be made public. Carroll had also been accused of plagiarisation from a book *From Nowhere to North Pole*. It seems however that this book was released four years after the first edition of *Alice in Wonderland*... Carroll became morose and irritable in later years. He developed depression as well. Yet his humour would appear now and then. Even the theme of death produced its own brand of macabre humour. Carroll had an acute attack of bronchitis at Guildford. He breathed his last on January 14, 1898."

I've Got A Song to Sing-O!

According to a bulletin from AP Worldstream, July 27, 1999, the highlight of an annual meeting on regional security in Singapore, attended by U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and other diplomats, was a recitation by Indian Foreign Minister Jaswant Singh recasting "You are old, Father William" as a spoof of India's massive military campaign against Pakistan.

Has anyone tried the Tulgee Wood?

According to London's *Sunday Mirror*, September 5, 1999, the Jabberwock is missing! The 14-inch model of the monster made for Terry Gilliam's film *Jabberwocky* was lent to an exhibition in Hayle, Cornwall, by armourer Terry English. He said: "Someone obviously saw it and came back in the small hours, broke in and stole it. It is unique, you could never sell it. It's fairly hideous, a sort of half dragon, half chicken with tusks, scarred veiny wings and a big beak."

Ravings from the Writing Desk of Stephanie Stoffel

I am even more excited than usual about getting to see all you Carrollians at our next meeting. I have been having far too much fun lately, and when we come together this October, in Toronto, you will too. In recent weeks, I've been involved with the final stages of our 25th anniversary booklet, and you will each have your own copy to enjoy in Toronto, or if you have to miss it, shortly thereafter. I can't tell you how delightful it has been to read what our founding and other key members have written about a quarter-century of LCSNA activities. All of you, whether old-timers or brand-new members will cherish this booklet that is part history, part souvenir, and part love-letter.

You have another special publication already in your hands. The board of the LCSNA had been talking about doing a nice little illustrated edition of Carroll's comic piece *La Guida da Bragia*, which you can still look forward to seeing. However, in discussing what a shame it is that this funny parody of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* is so hard to come by, we felt it would be a simple and pleasant service to make it more widely available, especially to those not interested in collectors' editions, by means of the *Knight Letter*. This is a new and interesting use of the *KL*, and we hope you find it to be a worthwhile and appropriate one.

Finally, please put an exclamation point on your calendars for April 15, 2000. You need to have your taxes in before then so that you can be in New York City for our Spring meeting! We have a fascinating program already lined up – come to Toronto and I'll tell you all about it!

From Our Far-flung

Exhibitions

A June 25th ceremony and party inaugurated a 2,300 square foot permanent exhibit of *AW* at the "Please Touch Museum" in Philadelphia. It is described as "an interactive, playful environment which offers creative learning opportunities" for children. The exhibit was made possible by a grant from the NEH, and also displays much of Kitty Minehart's Carrolliana. Call them at 215. 963. 0667 or www.pleasetouchmuseum.com.

The Rosenbach Museum and Library in Philadelphia is showing "The Works of A.B.Frost" from June 22 through September 26. Information: 215.732. 1600. Their website (www.rosenbach.org) also has a good essay on ABF's relationship with CLD.

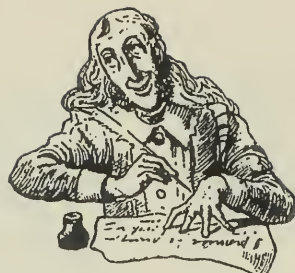
On April 24, the Lewis Carroll collection of the late Carol Stoops Droessler was bequeathed to Longwood College in Farmville, Virginia and a scholarship fund was set up in her name. Carol was a longtime LCSNA member whose presence is still very much missed (see *KL* 58 for an obituary).

The Family Museum of Arts and Sciences in Bettendorf, IL "allows visitors to live out *AW* fantasies by disappearing into a rabbit hole to experiment with motion and color."

"Through the Looking-Glass" (photography) at the Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art on Staten Island through October 3.

"LC at Oxford: the Centenary Conference", an illustrated lecture to be presented on October 15th by Angelica Carpenter, curator for the soon-to-be-opened Arne Nixon Center for the Study of Children's Literature at California State University, Fresno, coincides with the Fresno Metropolitan Museum's hosting of the traveling "Reflections in a Looking Glass" exhibition (29 September- 21 November). RSVP to the lecture at 559.278.2403; museum information: 559.441.1444 or www.fresno.met.org.

"Julia Margaret Cameron's Women" at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, August 26 - November 30 includes her famous study of APL as "Pomona".



Performances

Karen Hartman's *Alice: Tales of a Curious Girl* played at Thick Description at the New Langton Arts in San Francisco, June 19th - July 11th. This is the second production of this avant-garde play (see Stephanie's review in *KL* 60, p.5, of the Dallas production). This presentation featured gender- and race-blind casting (making for a fabulous comic turn by a large, muscular black "Queen" of Hearts). The ensemble was quite energetic and talented, but severely lacking in singing ability. Fun was had by all. - Mark B

The New York Fringe Festival in late August contained "Alice's Tea Party" by Matilda Kunin, in which Little Bo Peep wanders into Wonderland and meets many of the characters (but not Alice).

AW (a puppet play) at the Studio Theatre, Hong Kong Cultural Centre, July 18.

The New Jersey Shakespeare Festival presented the world premiere of "Wonderland (and what was found there)", conceived and directed by Brian B. Crowe, which "employed the use of masks, puppetry and innovative visual effects to unearth the darker realm buried beneath *AW*", July and August.

Articles

"*AW*: A Classic for Kids and Collectors" by Roy Nuhn in *Country Victorian* #22.

"Beyond Wonderland: The Mathematics of Lewis Carroll" by S.I.B.Gray in *Math Horizons*, April '99, published by the Mathematical Association of America, is a friendly overview of CLD's work, from Euclid to his word games.

"Down the rabbit hole" by Jeff Jacoby in the *Boston Globe* 7/1/99 is a summary of *AW*, its history and "meaning".

"To Preserve and Protect" by Claiborne Smith in the *Austin Chronicle*, February 27 - March 5, 1998, discusses the preserving, conserving, and restoring of

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priceless texts at UT's Humanities Research Center, including Warren Weaver's copy of the 1865 *AW* found in a bookstall in India. Also online at <http://www.auschron.com/issues/vol17/issue25/books.conservation.html>.

The October issue of *American Theater* is scheduled to have an article about theatrical productions of *AW*.

Quimera - Revista de Literatura, No. 175, Dec.1998 (Barcelona) has a large section devoted to CLD as a logician.

"Suit Illuminates the Dark Side of Cartoon Characters" by Ann O'Neill in the *Los Angeles Times*, July 25, 1999, says that a court-ordered study was undertaken of the smoking and drinking habits of the two-dimensional stars of animated films, including the "hookah-sucking caterpillar in *AW*". Yoon Soo Ha, who sued in the public interest, seeks an injunction ordering Disney to issue warnings at the beginning and end of the films.

"NPL Meets the Jabberwocky: Natural Language Processing in Information Retrieval" by Susan Feldman, *Online*, May 1999, vol. 23, no. 3. [*One might think that a linguist could distinguish a poem's title from the name of a character.*]

Auctions

Bloomsbury Book Auctions of London holds an auction every two weeks. In June, for instance, they auctioned a very rare set of CLD pamphlets. Stay in touch with them at www.bloomsbury-book-auct.com or get on their mailing list: 3 & 4 Hardwick Street, London EC1R 4RY England, +44 020 7 833 2636.

Books

What the Dormouse Said: Lessons for Grown-Ups from Children's Books, compiled by Amy Gash and illustrated by Pierre Le-Tan is collection of over three hundred quotations from the best-loved children's books of all time including *AW*, organized by topics, to be published in October by Algonquin Books; 1565122410.

In *Manly Pursuits* (Bloomsbury Pounds, 1582340196) by Ann Harries, eminent Victorians mix with fictional

creations in a ripping yarn set in South Africa and London. Kipling, Ruskin, Wilde, and Dodgson, among others, take part in a comic narrative that shuttles between England and South Africa in the late 19th century. Alice Liddell is portrayed on the colorful cover of a book embracing ornithology, the Boer War, Darwinism, colonialism, masculinity, honor and betrayal, and science.

Between Silk & Cyanide: a Codemaker's War (The Free Press: Simon & Schuster, 0684864223) by Leo Marks, a noted cryptographer and son of the owner of the bookstore at 84 Charing Cross Road, details his adventures during World War II and his dealings with secret agents, most notably one called "The White Rabbit".

In the Shadow of the Dreamchild: A New Understanding of Lewis Carroll by Karoline Leach, Dufour Editions, 0720610443, will prepare members for her upcoming address of our Society, wherein she will defend her *insolite* imputation of an alleged affair between CLD and the senior Lorina Liddell.

The Book of Guinness Advertising, by Guinness Media Inc., Jim Davies, ed., 0851120679, contains a page on the "Alice" campaign.

AW, illustrated by Helen Oxenbury due from Candlewick Press in November; 0763608041.

AW, illustrated by Lisbeth Zwerger due from North South Books in October; 0735811660.

Dodgson At Auction, announced in *KL* 60, p.22, is in the final stages of production. A flyer is enclosed with this issue. 10% of sales to our members will be donated to the Maxine Schaefer fund.

The Once upon a Time Map Book: Your Guide to the Enchanted Forest, the Giant's Kingdom, Neverland, the Land of Oz, Aladdin's Kingdom, and Wonderland by B. G. Hennessy and Peter Joyce (illustrator), Candlewick Press, 0763600768. Also a calendar.

Cyberspace

"American McGee's Alice", "a dark and twisted 3D-action adaptation" by Electronic Arts at <http://alice.ea.com>. Macromedia Flash 4 is required.

An hour-long adaptation by "Seeing Ear Theater" features Lili Taylor as Alice. You can see the animated mixed-media with RealPlayer's G2, or just you can listen to it in the background while doing other tasks. <http://www.scifi.com/set/originals/alice/>.

"James Joyce: Making Sense" by Sameer Doshi at <http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~sdoshi/writings/joyce.htm> discusses LC's influence.

Mark Richards has redesigned the home page for the LCS (U.K.) and is happy to receive comments and suggestions. <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Aztec/LCS.htm>.

LC's influence on the Beatles' *oeuvre* is discussed at <http://users.cnmnetwork.com/~cjspub/carroll.html>.

Ever wonder how *AW* would read if she were a modern English "goth"? See <http://www.cs.ucl.ac.uk/staff/b.rosenberg/goth/story/aiw.html>

Online *AW* games for children from the Rosenbach at http://www.rosenbach.org/kids/alice/alice_main.html.

Art and Artifacts

Notecards with the inscription "All that matters is what we do for each other - Lewis Carroll" from Paper Lantern, P O Box 1871, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416, 707.996.0302. \$15/dozen.

The British Library is capitalizing on Carroll's original drawings for *Alice's Adventures under Ground* by producing mugs, stationery, address books, calendars, magnets, and so on. A mail order catalogue is now available on request to bl-bookshop@bl.uk or The British Library at St Pancras, 96 Euston Road, London NW1 2DB, England. See also www.bl.uk.

For Disney collectors, a new line of miniature painted resin figures, called "Tiny Kingdom" includes several *AW* characters (\$6); they have also repackaged their seldom-seen Barbie™-style Alice doll from their "Fairytale" series.

Follow the "Psychedelic" link at <http://www.mostlyposters.com> to find #25296 "Eat Me" and #27302 "Mushroom".

Toy Vault announces a cold cast resin "action figure" line called "The Other

Side of the Looking-Glass". Their first figure is a quite frightening and "realistic" 5" Jabberwock. <http://www.toyvault.com/alice/index.html>.

"The Mme Alexander *Alice* series also has a Humpty whose head is, apparently, in his stomach, and a Cheshire Cat with a bright pink face and a pink and Lurex™ striped sweater. Kind of early David Bowie." – Cindy Watter.

Tenniel drawings very tastefully reproduced in plain or gold-plated pewter as earrings, brooches, belt buckles, pins, mugs and pendants from the Bergamot Collection at <http://www.bcvso.com/collect/alice/main.htm>; Bergamot, 820 Wisconsin Street, Delavan, WI 53115-1416; 800.922.6733; bergamot@bergamot-usa.com.

Art.com sells Donna Derstine's Humpty Dumpty posters and two of Tenniel drawings with text at <http://www.netins.net/showcase/reading/juvgal.html>.

A CD of "Jabberwocky" by Clive Nolan and Oliver Wakeman (Rick's son) – "an album, which bridges across the power and the glory of symphonic rock into the immediacy and infectious nature of the musical... {also features} eye-catching artwork" from Verglas Music, PO Box 19, Virginia Water, GU25 4YE, England. verglas@globalnet.co.uk; <http://www.rwcc.com/jabberwocky/index.htm>; +44 (0)1344 845873.

Alice encounters the Queen of Hearts on a jigsaw puzzle created for children 3 and up from Mudpuppy (www.mudpuppy.com.) Or through a store – ISBN 0-7353-0129-8.

A video consisting of a charming animation of *The Hunting of the Snark* (featuring the voice of James Earl Jones), "Jabberwocky" and a brief life of CLD, will be released in October by First Run Features, 153 Waverly Place, New York, NY 10014; 1-800-229-8575. This tape has long been unavailable, and is a 27-minute joyride – Michael Sporn's stylized animation is imaginative and appropriate, and there are some interesting speculations in the bio section about CLD's mindset in relation to the new belfry when he set out to write the *Snark*. \$15.



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